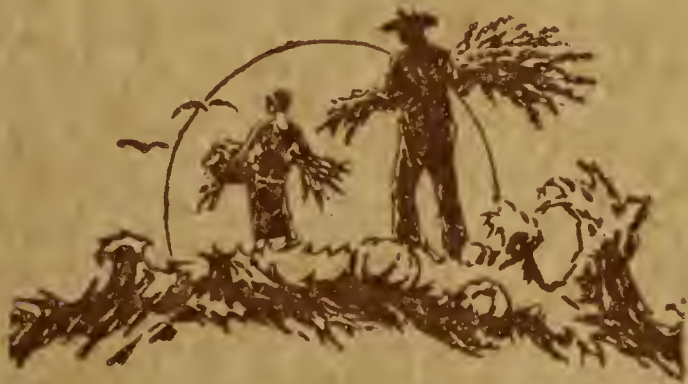


THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

October, 1933



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Volume XXII

Number One

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Emerson

W. Pank '34

His words were music to the dance of thought,
Nor did the gamut's range cause him to quail
Or fret at claims which crafty thought imposed
To score a theme for her most consonant
In bass or treble. Sweet and low, or rough
As thunder's voice, his words trip into line
To make each sentence play a minuet
That might accord with thought's capricious step.

But when he called upon the Muses nine
To tune his lyre for a canzonet;
'Twas then his music, marred by runic flaws,
Gave vocal sound to thought beyond his ken:
Far better than he knew, he worded lines,
Till clad in star dust beauty's form appeared.



A Baker Street Fantasy

Alfred Horrigan '34

OVER the library hung a dull, oppressive silence. From a neighboring tower came a muffled booming as the clock slowly tolled the hour of midnight. As the last pulsations of the bell rose and fell, half sulkily, half reluctantly on the bosom of the still night air, a slight, almost indefinable commotion broke out in the spacious room of books. The unusual disturbance continued to grow in volume until at last, from the section of the library devoted to detective literature, a querulous voice snapped:

"Listen, Holmes, this thing has been carried altogether too far. It's absurd, it's outrageous."

"Really, my dear Watson—," a languid voice attempted to interrupt.

"My dear Watson — nothing!" shouted the first speaker. "I'll have no more of 'my dear Mr. Watson',

this, and 'my dear Mr. Watson', that! Plainly it's enough to drive the most sane man out of his wits."

"Yes, I know that well enough," retorted the other, "but there isn't anything that I can do about it."

"That's the tragedy of the whole affair," moaned Dr. Watson. From his voice and attitude, it now became evident that the speaker was no one else than the renowned physician himself. "You know, Holmes," he proceeded, "that as long as Sir Arthur C. Doyle lived, I did entertain earnest hopes that a change of heart would overtake him and he would throw away that absurd 'my dear Mr. Watson' gag. Has it ever occurred to you that I have been compelled to tolerate this silly appellation for nearly twenty thousand pages in his extensive writings? Now Doyle is dead, but I live to be

irrevocably doomed to that hateful 'my dear Mr. Watson' stuff. I hate it; I tell you I hate it." His accents trailed off sadly into silence.

"Now, now, my—er—that is—Doctor," put in his companion whom the Doctor had identified unquestionably as the world-famous super-sleuth, Sherlock Holmes, "it could be much worse considering what Doyle could have done to us. As you know, he did at all times treat us as mere names or even worse than that—as mere nonentities, but what he could have done to us, —well, the thought itself is frightful enough to make us shudder. It's bad enough as it is, I must admit. Why, just think of that pipe he made me smoke. Even a Cambridge graduate would be ashamed to be seen with it. You understand, of course, that it is usually fatal for a man to become the victim of 'pen pushers'. Just think of that butterfly cap he insisted upon me wearing. Really, the thing gives me an attack of acute indigestion every time I think of it."

"You may be right," quickly supplied Watson, somewhat solaced by his friend's complaints. "When men are simply characters like you and me, Watson, they are likely to receive little consideration. What if we had come to be pawns in the vast fiction factory of that half-charlatan romancer, the elder Dumas? What horrible future might not have been in store for us. Doyle treated us meanly at times, but we have reason to thank our lucky

stars that it was he, and no one else, who conceived our personalities. Remember that and let's be satisfied."

"Satisfied! not on your life, Watson. If the choice had been put to me, I would have desired much rather to be the mascot in the fiction factory of that frowzy-headed Dumas than to be goaded into scamp-ering about over those slimy moors at a speed dangerous enough to break my neck and to give me double pneumonia in the bargain as was done in my case in that brutal 'Hound of the Baskervilles.' Over and above this rough stuff, I was squeezed through twenty stories in one year. That I did not slump into a nervous breakdown is nothing less than a miracle. But nothing mattered to Doyle, no, nothing. Right in line with his gaucheries in my behalf, in spite of my over-exertion, he proceeded to push a real quandary down my throat. Do you know what it was? What about this instance when Professor Moriarity is allowed to get clever enough to make me, Sherlock Holmes, look as if I were ague-stricken and that several times to boot? What about that, eh?"

"Ah, forget about it," Watson replied to these queries. "Holmes," he continued, "we owe a lot to this fellow, Doyle. Here we are acting squeamish at finding ourselves represented for what we are worth in reality. After all we have no kick coming. Did he not make you the greatest detective in all this world; one whose name is a household word

wherever people encounter criminals? Then, as for me, well, he gave me a nice practice, nothing much to worry about, with a certain amount of reflected glory thrown in for good measure. Minus this reflected glory, I would be a happier man tonight. It is all I have to complain of, together with this 'my dear Mr. Watson' stuff. But you whine about a host of things that really are more insignificant. You should not have been made to act as a detective in a story; gloomy Hawthorne should have used you in his 'Marble Faun' as Donatello or, still better, as Miriam."

"Don't get sarcastic," sniffed Mr. Holmes, or I shall sing that 'my dear Watson' stuff into your ears until you are ready for a lunatic asylum. What kind of detective would you have made? Bah! If only finicky George Eliot would have made an Adam Bede out of you, things would suit you better."

"Just as I feared right along," returned Mr. Watson. "You are overlooking the main issue in our argument altogether. I did not mean to sneer at you in your character of detective in the least. What I wanted to do is make you understand that you ought to be satisfied with the position that was given you. But you forget about my worries altogether. Don't you see, for instance, that I have a real cause for complaint, and that you have none? Am I not used as a foil for your cleverness? Am I not represented as the paternal ancestor of

all the thousands of poor fools, generally disguised as police sergeants or inspectors, who have been made to shift the scenes on the stage in every detective story for the last thirty years? And for what purpose? Plainly that you and your sort of super-detectives or grand sleuths can come along and win all the fame and fortune; while the stolid, uninspired, blundering police sergeants and inspectors—my progeny—are rudely pushed aside to retire in confusion. Why for once should not the police be allowed to see finger prints on a gun; to unearth a stolen million dollars; to discover the murderer in a love affair; to make a spectacular arrest, why not once, I say, in the name of fair play? I, at least, would have reasons to feel better in my role as progenitor of this class of characters, if nothing more than a mere shadow of credit were cast upon them occasionally. Who will talk about flagrant injustice or about the forgotten man? Here is the place to talk about such things. Doyle put me and my clientele in bad, did he not? Will anybody speak for us?"

"No one will, my dear Mr. Watson, no one will," answered Mr. Holmes to this impatient tirade.

"Of course no one will," the Doctor returned, "neither will anybody speak for you, Mr. Holmes. We could argue about this matter until our lungs grow tired without achieving any results. The upshot of it all is that we may as well be thank-

ful to Doyle for the good he has done us; even if he has not made outright rodomontades of us. There are no real characters in literature that are thoroughly good; they have either a bad, or at least a weak side to themselves. Doyle knew as much. He was kind in giving us only a weak side. Besides, our complaints would have no weight in the eyes of people. We are Doyle's victims, and as such, what influence would we have with readers in comparison with that which the author himself enjoys?"

"Clearly enough," answered Mr. Holmes, "our influence in comparison with that of Sir Arthur C. Doyle would be nothing more than the weight of the proverbial gnat which, as Aesop says, perched on the horn of a giant bull and then apologized for its weight. The dose is ours to take, be it sweet or bitter; let's swallow it."

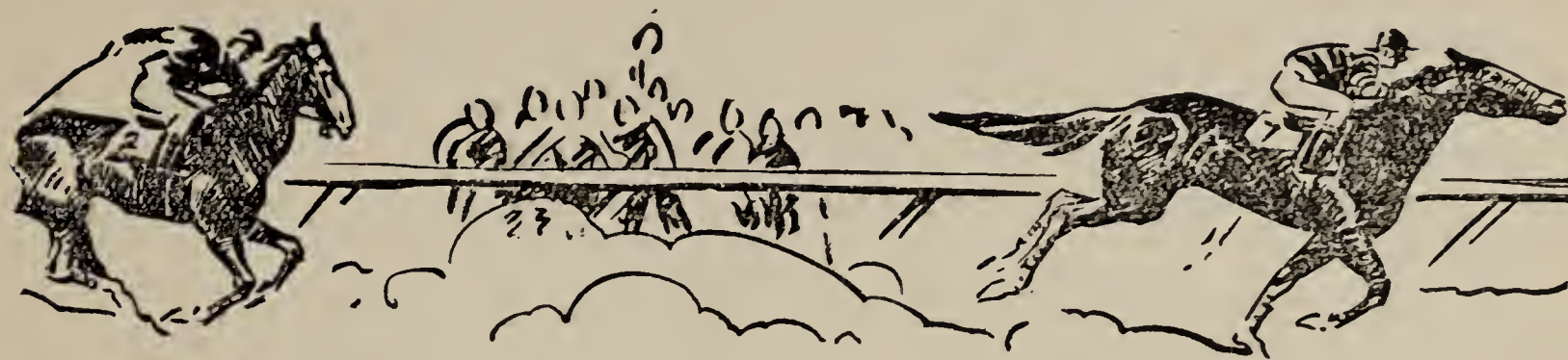
Again a dark, dull, oppressive silence hung over the library, as the clock slowly struck one.

FOLLY

C. Bowling '34

While watching sunbeams frolic on a stream,
I spy a pebble glistening on the sand.
The wind-kissed ripples hurtling on the strand,
Caressing it with foamy fingers, seem
To tempt the stone to come and splash and dream
In laughing waters, as in Fancy's land
The elves and fairies dance with hand in hand;
And to forget the eerie seagull's scream.

Then slowly the enticing waves at last
Engulfed the stone and carried it away;
With joy into the whelming deep it passed,
But nowhere would the waters let it stay.
Deceived like man, the foolish stone was cast
Forlorn, on shores where ripples never play.



Holding to the Rail

Delbert L. Welch '34

TWICE winner in the Delmont Stakes, one time my crack jockey, Earl Dandy, was to arrive on the morrow. Earl was the only man who had won the stakes twice in a row. Fame stayed with him for this feat until two years ago when I mounted him on a filly. This filly had a high rating, but failed very unexpectedly in the Delmont races. With this failure, Earl's fame went to the ground where, of course, he had gone bodily when the filly stumbled and threw him over the rail. A broken collar bone and a splintered leg with several weeks at the hospital were the only trophies that came to him for the season.

What good care and later training could do for Earl was done. To have him ready for the saddle again was my chief delight, as well as the delight of his admirers. But to my disgust and to the great disappointment of everybody else, he proved to be a washout. The new mount provided for him had all the makings of a second Gallant Fox, but Earl spoilt everything by riding like

a novice. He had lost his trick of holding to the inside rail while coming into the stretch. Of course he was outstripped and sheerly beaten in every race because of this blunder.

"He's finished; he's lost his nerve," I said to myself. "Out west he goes."

Out west I sent him. After some months had elapsed, I received notice that he was bracing up; yes he would return shortly; he even set the exact date; it was but natural that I should hurry to meet him upon his arrival at the railroad station.

"Howdy, Pat!" thus Earl greeted me familiarly as he left the train. "What are you thinking about?" he inquired.

"Are your nerves taut? Can you beat the jinx? These are the things I'm thinking about," I returned.

"Wait and see," he replied.

"Then come with me," I ordered.

We took a lunch accompanied by much hurried talking, and off we were for the stables.

"Earl, here is 'Shoo Chicken' for

you," I began to explain. "This peppy trackster won close to a hundred thousand dollars as a two year old. Naturally, I expect a big year from him. What do you say to that?"

"I'll take him for a breeze at once," was Earl's answer.

I stood beside the stable with binoculars glued tightly to my eyes. All the while I was watching Earl and "Shoo Chicken" perform a stunt that made me ready to applaud. Suddenly a thin voice reached my ears.

"Are you Mr. Patrick Woodward?" the voice, evidently that of a girl, inquired.

"Don't bother me," I retorted. "Girls and race horses don't go together in my mind."

"But this is important, sir," she pleaded.

"You can go to ——— and that in a hurry," I yelled.

"Now wait a minute."

"Well?"

"I'm interested in Earl, sir," she continued. "While he was out west I learned of his misfortune at Delmont, and I can help him, sir, I know that I can."

"What is your name?" I inquired.

"My name is Eileen McCormick," she answered.

"Hum, Irish!"

"Well, what of it?"

"Get out, and stay out, that's all that's of it," I retorted.

She turned to the gate and left, but was hardly out of sight when

Earl and "Shoo Chicken" drew up at the stable.

"Well, Pat, how did you like it?" Earl shouted.

"Old boy, you're the old stuff," I answered.

"You mean," inquired Earl, "that I am ready to go over the rail again?"

"Who said anything about that rail?" I bellowed. "By the way, that simp walking yonder says that her name is McCormick and that she can help you in some way or other. What do you think of that?"

"McCormick!" exclaimed Earl, somewhat bewildered.

A week later, when the Delmont races were about to open, I decided to give "Shoo Chicken" a little airing merely to see if Earl stood a chance to come through. He rode like a madman, but always wide of the rail. His thoughts, clearly enough, were elsewhere. Under his saddle, "Shoo Chicken" would surely drop among "the also rans." Of course I felt like kicking Earl out completely, and would have done so had not my quandary brought Miss McCormick to my mind. What could she do for him?

That Miss McCormick must be found, and that immediately, was now plain to my mind. In less than a day, her whereabouts became known. I went to meet her and addressed my plea bluntly.

"Can you do anything to make Earl Dandy ride the rail in a race?"

"Of course I can," she agreed pleasantly.

"Then come and speak to him," I insisted. "Incidentally," I ventured, "I'm sorry that I talked as I did to you a few weeks ago."

She did not answer. Earl was her only concern. She was off at once to meet him, and meet they did, for I soon found them together in earnest conversation.

"Say it, say it," I heard Earl urge, but I made no inquiry as to what was up; I merely suspected.

Shortly afterwards Earl demanded that a seat be given to Miss McCormick close to the rail right at the curve into the stretch.

"She has something important to say to me," he blurted.

What Earl wanted was now trump with me. A seat was provided for Miss McCormick as demanded. To see what trick was to be staged caused me to remain near the spot, and very soon I saw the trick. As the horses stormed down the track in a training race and neared the curve, Miss McCormick rose and waved her hand. At the sight of her, Earl drove wildly into the lead, almost brushing the rail.

"Yes, yes," she shouted.

What could her words mean? I began to suspect that Earl's mind was not like mine in which a girl and a race horse cannot hold a place together. Later on I overheard a conversation between Earl and Miss McCormick near the stables where "Shoo Chicken" was being groomed for the big event and found that my surmise concerning Earl's

mind was correct. Over and over he demanded:

"Say it plainly if you care for me."

"I shall from my place at the rail provided you will come within hearing distance."

"Take it from me," Earl replied; "I shall ride the rail itself if that becomes necessary to hear you."

The big day came; Earl was in high spirits. "Shoo Chicken" looked his best and at the sound of the signal bounded off for the race with his rider, as one sure of the prize. At first Earl and his mount swept wide of the rail; so wide, in fact, that I became disgusted. Miss McCormick, near whose place of vantage I was standing, showed evident signs of dismay. Suddenly she rose, just as the racers were nearing the curve in the track. Wildly she waved her kerchief. Earl saw her and cut for the rail with a bound that brought him well in the lead. I heard her shout the words that she had evidently promised to say if Earl would ride the rail near enough for him to hear. These words were:

"Earl, I love you!"

Of course Earl had no time to answer, but when he came out of the race as a winner and received the cup, together with the floral horseshoe trophy, he made good his answer to Miss McCormick amid the wild shouts and congratulations of his admirers. As for me there was no further interest in this answer outside of the fact that I rejoiced at seeing them both happy. What interested me above all was

the seventy-five thousand that "Shoo Chicken" brought into my purse. Certainly, I congratulated Earl; I paid him most handsomely; I thanked Miss McCormick for the help she had given, and that was the last I saw of Earl. He was now off to ride the wild race to marriage.

In later times I often thought of Earl, but I could not decide what

to think of him. Was he a "crack" or "cracked" jockey? I gradually inclined to the latter opinion of him, for surely that jockey is cracked who can give a girl a place aside of a race horse in his mind, and that is what Earl had done. In consequence he had no esteem on my part and slipped out of my rating altogether.



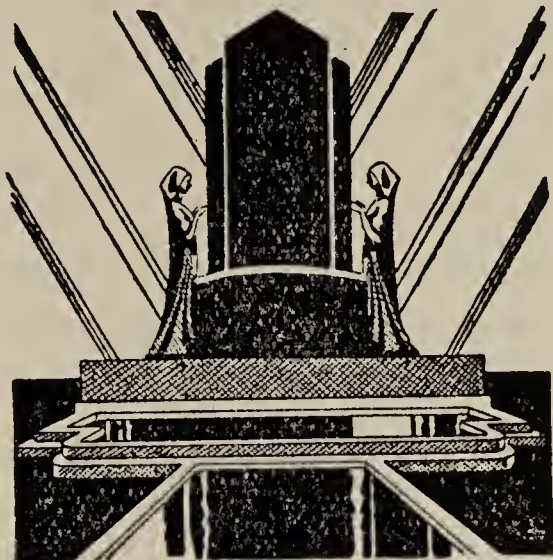
Youth's Song

M. A. Storm '34

Faint came the lusty songs to me:
The tuneful music flowed all day,
From woodland green in yonder lea,
Inviting me in joy to pray.

But now a few I hear at dawn,
And one by one the birds depart:
The choirs of verdant spring are gone,
Which leaves a sorrow in my heart.

As fall forgets spring's joyful song,
So, too, the joys of youth from me
Depart as cares about me throng,
Except one youthful melody.



Those School Friendships

Chester Bowling '34

To fight life's battles bravely is more specifically a masculine affair than a feminine one. Hence it comes that when we male human beings enter this world, we find ourselves equipped with two weapons that are supposed to be specially advantageous in our tussle with the assaults that life makes upon us. These weapons, in brief, are a name and a more or less peculiar assortment of relatives. The former is expected to serve as the corner stone in the structure of our character; the latter may comprise a doting, elderly aunt, who has the disconcerting habit of kissing us every time we are asked to run to the grocery store. Fortunately it is left to our own free choice to find a third weapon, one that may prove better than all others, namely, a true friend.

At what time in life this weapon of free choice, friendship, is to be shaped and sharpened is not definitely pointed out in the case of every

individual person, but we know it for certain that school life will quickly point out the necessity or at least the feasibility of forming friendships. In school, acquaintances are quickly made, and almost equally as quickly do we single out those whose ideals are in accord or out of accord with the ideals that we ourselves entertain. The first we sort out from the second and proceed to regard them as friends. That their kindness has a deeper meaning for us than had the attachments of early childhood cannot for long go unrecognized. In school life, numerous instances make it plain that a friend is an article as badly needed as are books and pencils.

The forming of friendships, furthermore, gives evidence that there are qualities in ourselves that are worthy of admiration. There is proof that we are growing; that we are unfolding noteworthy abilities, if our circle of friends is on the increase. Emerson correctly remarks

that a man's growth is seen in the successive choirs of his friends. Besides this, our growth will be normal if we have friends who will be sufficiently interested in us to give direction to the use of our abilities. Pride, self-conceit, and other disagreeable qualities will readily be pruned from our character by the frowns of our friends, for "A frowning friend is a summons to be on the lookout." We all know that reproofs make friendship distant, even as remonstrance with our betters leads to disgrace. What will call for reproof, therefore, on the part of our friends must be avoided; a lesson that we shall learn to our sorrow if not heeded betimes. In view of these matters, could there be any other social advantage in school that will outweigh an honorable and valuable friendship?

As defined by Cicero, friendship is a complete accord among people on all subjects, human as well as divine, joined by mutual good will and affection. It would be absurd, however, to expect to find in any group of students so complete an accord as defined by Cicero. Hence there must be a selective process preceding any formation of friendship among them that will be lasting in character. Genuine good will towards another, which is the essence of friendship, does not develop over night like a mushroom growth; it is rather like a delicate flower that comes to full bloom gradually. Of course there are exceptions; but the general run of

things is here under consideration, and not exceptions. Above all, in forming friendships, there must be worthy reasons in view; not at all such purposes as were entertained by the old rascal, Fagan, in his relations with the street gamins of London.

In friendships formed at school a large measure of hero-worship is liable to play an important role. One student may draw a host of admirers because he has achieved success in the field of letters; another student may attract a troop of satellites because he is capable of brilliant maneuvers on the gridiron. The constant association, however, of student with student in school will quickly chip the gilt edge off hero-worshipped idols and will bring an over-dose of self-esteem down to the common realities of everyday friendship. By this means school friendships produce a wholesome effect in the necessary work of shaping character. Egoism and overbearing conduct will either have to go down before the demands of friendship, or the victim of these foibles will have to stand alone.

Like almost everything else that is worth having, friendship, and that even in school, is not secured without disappointments. In moments of distress when those fail us whom we thought to be our friends, we are inclined to throw overboard all feelings of kindness towards them and thus break for good what we considered lasting bonds of sympathy. Then, too, in moments of success

when we feel like swelling with enthusiasm in view of what we have accomplished, our friends may answer our boasting with a cynical sneer. At these times we are not to forget that a brighter dawn will shine for us, if only we will learn in the hour of glory to keep our elbows on a level with those whose friendship we desire to possess. We must remember that a friendship that cannot bear the sharpness of the "little hatchet" of caustic criticism which designs to hew Macbethian ambitions into proper shape is not considered worth having by anybody. If a student, as well as anybody else, will consider only those among his fellows to be his friends who flatter him, he is well on the way to the "pillory of fools."

Though school friendships of the right kind are valuable in student

days, yet they have a benefit in themselves that may show its real worth only in later years. In the progress of time, when the gaff of life strikes hard, and our prospects are dark and dreary, it is then that a kindly word from an old school chum acts like a balm to a wound in the flesh. By his word the scene is brought to our minds that was shot through with the encouraging yells: "Hold 'em, gang! That's all right, gang! We'll smear 'em the next quarter! Keep up the old fight!" Slowly the picture vanishes but it leaves in our minds an impulse to face discouragement that does not vanish so readily. By that word from an old school friend, we feel invigorated; we treasure his message, and spring to our feet, fully resolved once more to face the world courageously.

False Prophets

V. J. Volin '34

They write about new things and fashion creeds
To suit their taste. The shrine of Christ they fling
From them; to kneel and pray, to hope and sing
At feet of clay. They laugh at all good deeds;
Decry the moral code and plant the seeds
Of unbelief. Among the fools they ring
The cry, "There is no God!" Their prayers that wing
Their way on high, are prayers of lusts and greeds.

And yet the light of truth they cannot dim;
The shrines they build for Pan are made of sand,
And hate, in robes of blood, to love gives way.
They fill the earth with fear, but hope in Him
Still lives. These foolish fiends know not the Hand
That guides and rules, while hopes and souls they slay.

Speaking Elms

E. G. Van Oss '34

With graceful sweep
Their towering crowns
Brush softly on the skies,
These elms that stand
By the old stone walk
Which runs the yard amain.

A strong breeze now
Provoked the first
And it replied with scorn,
"Ah, no, they march
On the old stone walk
As if their minds were dead.

A breeze inspired
The one to ask
His neighbor on a day,
"Have you watched them,
On the old stone walk,
Who stroll beneath our shade?"

Note, here they come;
We'll listen close
To what they have to say;
We'll get their thoughts
On the old stone walk
While they enjoy our shade."

"Indeed, I have,"
The other said,
"They gaze in thoughtful mood,
And seem to think
That the old stone walk
Goes straight to wisdom's burne."

"Ah, list to this!"
The tree exclaimed,
"One says he cannot learn;
That other there
On the old stone walk
Fears Dad when grades come home."

"But, ah, here's one
Who says he 'can',"
The other tree avowed,
"He's worth our shade
On the old stone walk
For he will be a man."

When this one came,
The elms rejoiced
And spread for him their shade;
He looked serene
On the old stone walk
Like knowledge on parade.



Spotted Bills

Joseph A. Jacobs '34

SEATED at a desk in the main office of the Secret Service Headquarters at Chicago, Mr. Harold Roach, the superintendent, looked like a man very much worried. Across the room at a table, Eddie Burk, a detective, was leisurely puffing away at a cigarette; while before him lay the open pages of a popular magazine.

"Oh, Eddie," suddenly called Mr. Roach, "come over here a minute. I want to show you something interesting."

"Very well, Mr. Roach," came the answer from the detective.

"Look here, Eddie, it's a picture of 'Peanuts'. He's been peddling his counterfeit money right here in our district. Headquarters at Washington order us to get him regardless of expense."

"So the old monkey is up to his old tricks again, eh!" exclaimed the detective.

"Yeah, and you will have your hands full if you want to get him," countered Mr. Roach. "Well, you are to start at once. Use any means you find possible, and let expenses

be hanged. Here's a good description of him; take it. One more thing. This 'Peanuts' is fond of salted peanuts; get me? That's how he got his queer nickname. The funny part about the whole affair is that the largest complaints about his counterfeit money have been made by the firm of a well known peanut magnate, the Brazil Coffee and Nut Importers, Chicago. Best wishes and all that goes with them in this business, Eddie, go to it."

A few days later, a pair of sharp eyes met a sign, "Clerk Wanted." Those eyes belonged to a solidly built figure fully six feet tall with a light complexion, fair hair, and a pleasant smile. It was Eddie Burk, best of the secret service men, who had set out to track down 'Peanuts.' The sign was posted at the front of the building which housed the Brazil Coffee and Nut Importers, Chicago.

Having entered the establishment and finding himself securely closeted with the president of the firm, Eddie explained his mission. The president of the firm, Mr. Bak-

er, readily assented to the proposals that Eddie advanced. One of these was that he, Eddie, should be allowed to act as office helper; the other implied the use of a "roper" among the employees if such aid should be necessary.

Among the office force, Eddie easily made friends. His cheerful disposition proved attractive to every one of them, but he did not take them into his confidence. He entertained a strong suspicion that all of them were hand-in-glove with the crooked work that was going on. By keeping his eyes open for a little while he readily discovered that his work involved no intricate probing. A "roper" would not be necessary. An easy trick would likely bring matters to a head.

Very soon he observed that the deposits of the firm were banked daily through the medium of an express company which collected deposits at various business houses and transferred them to the bank in an armored car. This car was manned by three suave young men, all in the late twenties. Every day when they gathered the deposits, they managed to have bags of salted peanuts. Here was a clue, but it puzzled Eddie to find out who among the three was the real 'Peanuts.'

For five days straight, Eddie worked without apparently accomplishing anything. On Saturday morning his chance came to use his trick. He took his place aside the

cashier and his assistants while they counted and checked the heavy week-end receipts. Before this work was ended, the trick was set on foot. When the counting was finished, the money was placed in an envelope, sealed, and a little later was collected by the armored car. To Eddie's satisfaction, salted peanuts were again in evidence among the men who manned that car. Nothing more was to be done now but to await developments.

For the remaining part of that Saturday, Eddie laid off from work. He had just become deeply absorbed in some triangle story reported in a Chicago paper when he was disturbed by a violent knocking at his door. He opened the door only to find Mr. Baker, the peanut magnate, in an excited mood.

"Come quick, come quick," Mr. Baker shouted.

"But what is all the hurry about?" Eddie smiled.

"Come with me to the bank. My chauffeur is waiting. I'll explain while we ride," Mr. Baker blustered.

Grabbing his hat and coat, Eddie flew down the steps after the peanut magnate. Once seated in the car, he listened quietly to the magnate's story.

"My bank just phoned me," Mr. Baker began, "that ten thousand of our fifty thousand deposit is counterfeit. What do you think of that?"

"But Mr. Baker," Eddie put in, "that money was inspected, counted, and sealed right before my eyes."

Before anything more could be said, the car pulled up before the bank. Both men rushed into the building and headed for the president's office. Here they found the president, the three men of the armored car, and the bank cashier who had opened the envelope and found the spurious money.

"Be seated, gentlemen," the bank president began. "We've got to look into this important matter of yours, Mr. Baker, rather closely but deliberately."

"I want action," shouted Mr. Baker, "and I'll get action. I have Eddie Burk of the Secret Service with me right here for that very purpose."

"Now, now, Mr. Baker, I will go as fast as the clues will permit," smiled Eddie. Then he turned to the three men who managed the armored car.

"When was that envelope with the deposit delivered at the bank?" he inquired sternly.

"Why,—ah—er—well, you see we had engine trouble and reached the bank an hour late," muttered Jimmy Doolan, the chief among the three men.

Eddie noticed the queer glances which the other two shot at the speaker.

"Why act so strange? Didn't you know that the time for delivering the deposit was overstepped by an hour?" he demanded.

"Oh, of course. Well, you will have to excuse us. We are just a bit excited because of our car

trouble," one of the other two hurriedly put in.

"That'll do for you three," said Eddie. Then turning to the cashier he proceeded:

"Tell me what you did when you saw that the money was counterfeit?"

"Why, I notified the president of the bank," answered the cashier.

"Let me see the money," Eddie demanded.

"Certainly," answered the cashier, "it is in this drawer."

After glancing at the money, Eddie turned to Mr. Baker and said to him:

"Just as I expected, the old monkey has been up to his same trick again, but I think he has gotten himself badly tangled up this time." Turning back to the three men, he stared at them keenly for several moments and finally said:

"You are at liberty to go, but I want you to remain in the city as I may need you for further questioning. That's all for today."

But Eddie did not quit shadowing the three men. He was now well on the trail of the counterfeiter, of that he was sure. Hence it came about that two days later he followed them to the municipal airport where a magnificent coast-to-coast transport plane was being inspected prior to its take-off. In one corner of the hangar a peanut vendor had his stand. Without noticing Eddie, one of the three men under suspicion walked up to the stand and called:

"Two bags of salted peanuts."

Immediately Eddie was on the man's heels. The fellow was plain, suave Jimmy Doolan. Without suspecting anything, Jimmy threw a ten dollar bill down on the counter. At the same time a hand fell heavily on his shoulder, and he heard the stern voice of Eddie Burk saying:

"You are under arrest, 'Peanuts,' better come along quietly."

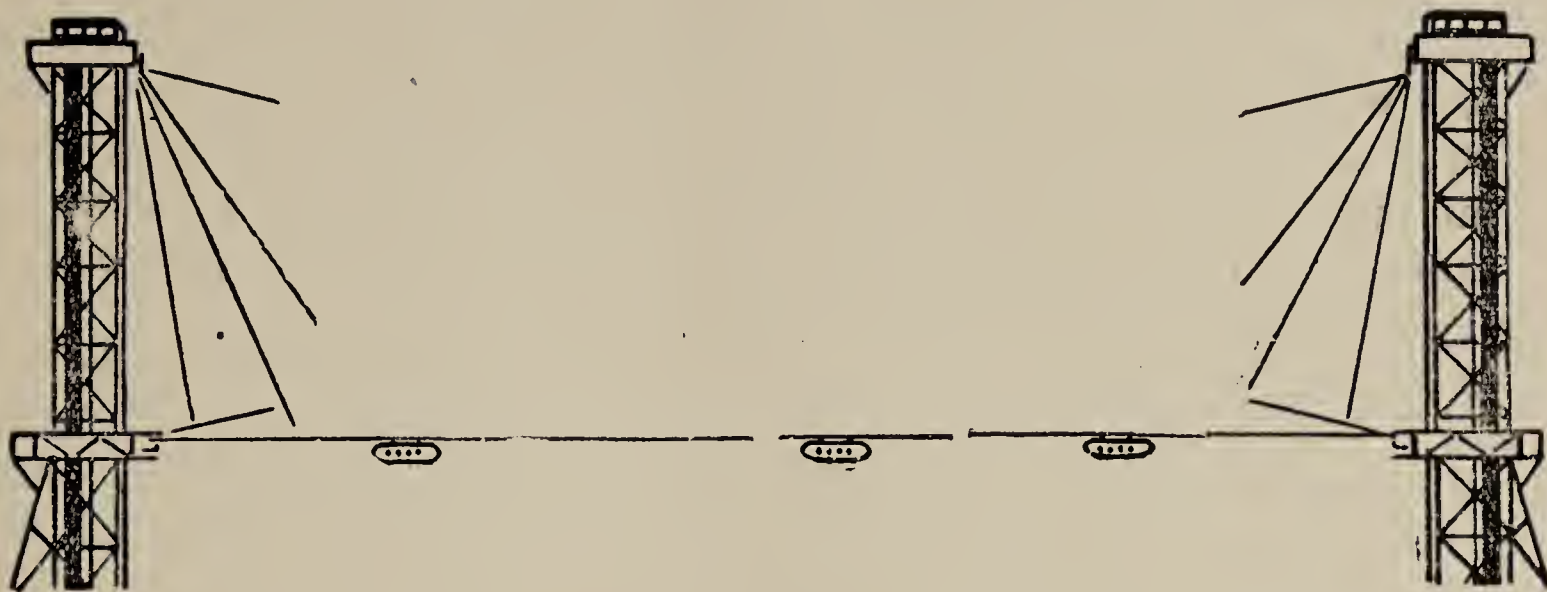
Later at police headquarters Eddie explained his course of action.

"I figured from the start that this man, Doolan, was the chief crook in this whole affair, and I became convinced that he was such last Saturday morning when I overheard him saying to his companions that he would leave them off duty for the trip to the bank. But they did not let him have his way about the matter. That fact, of course, implicates the other two in this matter and they will have to be placed under arrest. I suspected that the crooked work was done

somewhere along the way to the bank. Now that is not very far. It was no engine trouble that had brought them an hour late to the bank; they drove slowly to give Doolan a chance to open the envelope, take out the good money and substitute the bogus bills. I have proof for that statement in this ten dollar bill. It is spotted by my trick, and so is all the other money in the deposit of last Saturday morning. It will not be hard now to recover the good money and find out how this sly old monkey does his counterfeiting. It was my sheer good luck to catch him buying salted peanuts, such as the three fellows always ate. Well, at last, I have outwitted 'Peanuts' himself at his trick of handling money."

"Pretty clever work," drawled Mr. Baker. "I shall put a new kind of salted peanuts on the market," he continued, "and shall advertise them with the slogan:

'Eddie Burk says they will catch anybody.'"



Jumpin' Adventures

Eddie Williams '34

I'M at the World's Fair, see, up at Chicago, and I'm sittin' at one of the tables in that beer joint they call the "Old Heidelberg Inn" or something like that. It's gettin' near to ten o'clock at night, I guess, or maybe later, — time never did mean much to me—and I'm guzzlin' beer and listenin' to the lake lappin' those big rocks on the shore. This "Heidelberg Inn" or whatever it is —my French never was so good, ya' know—is a pretty swanky joint, I'm thinkin', and it gives me a big kick to watch 'them' society dames and their scrawny husbands tryin' to drink beer and put on the dog at the same time. But that can't be done. Takin' beer is democratic like dunkin' doughnuts, and there ain't no swank can go with it.

Out here on this little piazza or veranda or whatever it is, right by the lake, I can look up north and see the skyride and the Science Buildin' and all 'them' pretty lights

that goes with 'em, and I'm thinkin' this fair is all right if you ain't never seen nothin' like it before, but it's too tame for me. I've been everywhere, see, and I've taken in everythin'. And I think that this World's Fair has got a lot of fake in it. Right now I'm believin' I'd rather be chasin' bear in the Canadian Rockies than lookin' at a lot of funny lights.

Well, anyhow, here I am by the lake imbibin' beer and thinkin' my head off; wishin' now and then that I'd see one of the boys from our gang in St. Louie that's up to this fair, or in jail now, I don't know which. Pretty soon I look up and see a jane comin' kinda' fast out on this piazza where I'm at and headin' for the lake. Well, I think she's gonna end it all, see, 'cause she looks all flustered and desperate like, and she's goin' for them stones by the lake, so I jump up and yell "Hey!" at her and scare

her out of her shoes. Well, she looks at me like I am Simon Legree; tries to freeze me, ya' know, but I don't freeze. Then she turns her back on me and sits down at the table nearest the shore. I feel kinda funny when all those beer lickens look up at me like I am crazy just because I was gonna' save a doll from disaster. I guess I did yell pretty loud. But now I'm thinkin' she wasn't gonna' commit suicide at all; she just wanted to get near the lake where it's dark, and I'm believin' she's runnin' away from somebody 'cause she keeps lookin' back from where she came.

But janes don't interest me none. I'm not the kind of guy that likes to have a doll hangin' on his neck. They don't do nobody no good, especially in my racket. So I forget about her and start eatin' pretzles.

It ain't long though, till I hear a funny sound comin' from her direction, and I look up to find that she's plenty busy ruinin' a perfectly good handkerchief. Well, I ain't no softie, but I can't stand to see a twist cryin', except those dizzy blondes that carry onions with 'em. But this gal is a brunette and brunettes are different. So I get up and walk over to her.

"What's wrong, sister?" I ask kinda' gentle like, lookin' down at her.

Well, I sure put myself in a spot right then. The dizzy doll jumps up, grabs me by the coat lapels, shoves her face up about as close to mine as she can get it, which

ain't very close 'cause she's short and I'm six feet two, but close enough for me to see that there are brown spots in her blue eyes, and then whispers fast, "Take me home, will you? Oh, please take me home—"

I feel myself gettin' kinda' red behind the ears, especially 'cause there is some fat dame a few tables away takin' it all in. Anyway, I'm tough, see, and I don't like janes. So I shove her back in her seat and say to her, "What's the matter, haven't you got any dough?"

Now she starts that sobbin' racket, and in between two sobs I hear her say, "I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what?" says I, 'cause I ain't afraid of nothin'.

"Please take me home," she says again.

Well, as I said before, I ain't no softie, but I reflect just then that if my ma was afraid to go home I'd take her, so I guess I can take this jane wherever she lives. Anyhow, here we are walkin' among the crowd up the midway toward the twenty-third street entrance. This fair is plenty crowded tonight, and I can see this jane lookin' at everybody that passes kinda' funny, and I'm wonderin' what she's so scared at. She has quit cryin' by now. I ain't said nothin' 'cause I'm still pretty mortified, so we're just walkin'. Loud speakers are pourin' out music; rickshaw runners are passin' us sweatin' and pantin' 'cause it's hot. Everybody is havin' a good time, I guess, except me and

those rickshaw guys. Finally I begin to feel foolish 'cause I ain't sayin' nothin', so I say to her, "Nice night, ain't it?"

"Uh-huh," she says, and the way she says it makes me look at her. She's lookin' at me too. I don't know why, but I pull out a cigarette quick and light it up. I'd offer her one, but I got only three left.

"I'm sorry to discommode you in this way," she says to me, and I don't know what that means, so I just look wise. "I suppose you must think I'm an awful little fool."

"That's about right," I says right quick, and then I can kick myself. The way she takes that I can see that she ain't no ordinary doll; she's plenty pretty, and young, just a kid. Before I know it I'm actually sayin' "I'm sorry!" to a jane.

"That's all right," she comes back. "I really am, I guess. It's nice of you to take me home."

"Where do you live?" I ask her, 'cause I think maybe that's important. I'm beginning to feel pretty good now and she's gettin' prettier and prettier.

"Seventy-ninth street," she says, and then I wonder if that's in Chicago or Indiana.

By this time we're almost at the bridge near the twenty-third street entrance, and we stop a minute while I ask her what that big funny looking thing with a red strip and numbers runnin' up the side of it and "Havoline" written on it, is? She tells me it's a thermometer, and I reflect that the guy that built

this World's Fair must have been nuts—puttin' up a big thing like that just to remind you how hot it is. But even if it is crazy it looks right nice, and it kinda' reminds me that I ought to warm up with the weather. So I turn to this jane and "What's your name, kid?" I says.

"Marie Rainey. What's yours?"

"Eddie Williams. Say, do you want an ice cream soda before you go home?" I think that's pretty nice of me to say that, but all of a sudden Marie lets out a little cry and looks scared to death. I find out the reason in short order.

Some big, ugly lookin' mug who probably came from Cicero is walkin' up to us. He looks tough, but I know his kind. He's all out of shape. I can take him easy. But I ain't lookin' for trouble.

Marie don't say anything. The big guy looks at her and then at me; after which he growls, "You can scram, buddy."

"Scram yourself," I growls back.

"Listen, buddy," he says, "if you don't clear out, I'll—"

"Nuts to you!" I interrupt. And then I think. Marie ain't sayin' anythin'. Maybe I'm the northwest side of a triangle.

"Marie," I asks, "is this guy your husband?"

Before she can answer the big bohunk grabs her by the arm and jerks her away from me. "Sure, I'm her husband," he says with a dirty grin.

About this time I can see that

big thermometer goin' up 'cause I'm gettin' mad. The ugly guy's grin don't last long. Marie don't want to go. She looks scared to death, but she gets away from him and the next thing I know she's got her arms around my neck and is yellin' in my ear, "He's not my husband, he's a liar. I don't like him. I hate him. Keep him away from me."

"'Nuff said," I tell her. And then disengagin' myself, I tap that ugly bird from Cicero as he's comin' in and he goes to sleep. I don't hit him very hard, see; we don't play rough in St. Louie; but just the same he don't get up. Then I says to Marie, "Come on, let's get away from here," 'cause a crowd is beginnin' to gather.

Well, we slip out through the crowd and finally we are sittin' on one of those benches on the west side of the lagoon. I see Marie ain't scared any more, and a little exercise always does me good. We can see those soft lights from the Blue Ribbon Casino shinin' across the lagoon, and Ben Bernie is playin' away, over there. The music sounds swell. Marie looks up at me with those blue eyes of hers with the brown spots in 'em, and says kinda' soft like, "Thanks, Eddie."

I tell her I was glad to do it and all that, and before long I've got the low-down on that bird I tapped. Marie tells me he is an old friend of hers who hadn't seen her for a lot of years until today. They went to school together when

they were kids, see, and Marie had sorta' liked him. But today she found out he's in a big racket in this town and wanted her to help him out on a job he is gonna pull off tonight. Marie is a nice girl, though, and when she wouldn't do it he was gonna make her. That's why she run away from him, see. But she picked the right guy when she come to me. That Cicero baby won't feel like pullin' off any jobs tonight.

After Marie gets through tellin' me all about the situation, she asks me a question. "Eddie," she says, "Why did you believe me when I said he wasn't my husband?"

"Well, he ain't, is he?" I comes back.

"Course not," she says. "But why did you believe me right away? You didn't know me. I might have been lying to you."

Janes can sure corner you when they want to, can't they? O' course I tell her then that it was because she was a swell kid, and I liked her as soon as I saw her, and a few more things like that. And by this time we have forgot all about seventy-ninth street, and guys from Cicero, and can't think of anythin' but music and lights and gondolas and her and me. I feel better than I ever did in my life before, and when she lifts her face to mine in the soft light, well, I—

But get this straight, though. I'm a tough guy and don't forget it. I ain't no softie, see. Janes never did interest me 'cause I ain't had

no time for 'em. But I'm twenty- And besides, Marie ain't no ordinary
four now, and I'm thinkin' maybe jane, I'm tellin' you. Marie is dif-
a guy has to settle down sometime. ferent.

God In Nature

N. A. Sulkowski '34

What man can hear the song of birds,
Yet fail to note
That melodies have deeper springs
Than merely throats?

What man can look upon the rose
And search its scent
Without the faintest thought of Him
For Whom 'twas meant?

The barren trees that leafless stand
In winter's cold
From source divine derive that life
Which they enfold.

The seasons of the year have each
An only task,
Performing which, they honor Him,
Whose praise they ask.
Thus spring and summer liberate
From bondage grim
The trees and shrubs; the bees and birds,
To honor Him.

Then harvest, time of nature's gifts,
With somber days
Steps out upon the stage of time
To sing His lays.

Last, winter briskly comes along
To cover all,
With snows and frosts, those magic seeds
That wait His call.

Thus nature, by its hills and fields,
Where man may plod;
Thus order, law of heaven and earth,
Declare a God.

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Charter Member



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Editorials

“THE COLLEGIAN”

ALTHOUGH “The Collegian” has been in existence for a period covering quite a number of years, it might be well at this time to review briefly the purpose, nature, and ideals that govern the magazine’s policy. “The Collegian” is published monthly during the school year by the students of St. Joseph’s College. Like that of most student publications, its prime purpose is the stimulation of interest among the students in the improvement of their written expression. All students without exception are privileged to submit any production of theirs, be it poem, essay or story, for possible publication in this magazine. Thus the material printed may be considered as typical of the outstanding literary endeavors of the student body. Needless to add, the value of such a publication to a college of the type of St. Joseph’s cannot be overestimated, no matter from what view point the question be considered.

As the journal is, for the reasons mentioned, a direct reflection of the thoughts and activities of the school as a whole, there are many who no doubt wonder if the change made

last year in the character of the institution will be evident in the general tone of its magazine. As might be expected, the answer to this question is in the affirmative. It is, of course, not to be supposed that there will be a radical departure from the guiding principles which during the last two years produced a publication that was considered by the critical survey of the University of Minnesota as deserving of First Class Honor rating. At the same time, however, it may be expected that the magazine will have a much broader range of interests, and that there will be a greater freedom of expression manifested throughout its literary features.

In the publishing of any sort of journal, the financial aspect is one of prime importance. “The Collegian’s” sources of revenue are two: subscriptions and advertisements. In regard to the first source there is little to be said other than that every student and alumnus owes it to himself and to his school, or Alma Mater, to subscribe to the journal. The question of advertise-

ments, however, is deserving of more editorial comment.

"The Collegian" does not wish to be considered as a magazine supported by charitable endowments, but as one with advertising space of undeniable value. In accordance with this view, attractive placards have been prepared by the business staff to be displayed in the show windows of certain local merchants, proclaiming them as "Collegian" advertisers. This information is of course principally for the benefit of the students and the members of the faculty. Only through the cooperation of the students, mani-

festated by a policy of patronizing advertisers extensively, will the realization be brought home to the minds of local business men that "The Collegian" is not asking for charity, but that it is offering for sale an indispensable business service. If this requested cooperation be forthcoming, we confidently anticipate that the importance of "The Collegian" will have been greatly magnified in the eyes of all with whom the magazine's representatives have had any business dealings, before this year has faded into the past.

A. F. H.

Vaunted Progress

GATHERED, even crowded, into a small area on the lake front of a great mid-western metropolis, Chicago, and listed under the title of "A Century of Progress Exposition", is a mass of material, artistry, and intellectual evidence that might best be termed a conglomeration. It is at present the center of the earth, the "melting pot of the nations," the wonder of the world. Its final cause, in a logical sense, is to present to the ordinary man what he perhaps would find it impossible otherwise in his short life ever to realize fully and to comprehend thoroughly, the stupendous display of the progress of the race of man during the last hundred years. Moreover, in one aspect, and that the only aspect which a great many of its customers would consider important, the World's Fair has suc-

ceeded in its purpose. It constricted its far-flung intention to fulfillment along material lines.

Even on the face of it, we can readily see the plausibility of such a restriction. Materialism, not the philosophy that goes by that name, but rather the movement to shape matter into better forms for the improvement of industry and public structures, is probably the only form of human endeavor that has progressed during the last century. Has anybody noticed any considerable improvement in painting, in philosophy, in literature, in religion? The masterpieces of painting still date from the Renaissance, of philosophy, from the time of Aquinas, of literature, from the period of Shakespeare or before, and of religion, from the era of the martyrs. Of a certainty, modern progress is

a reality, but is not a certain modern indifference a reality as well? It will be a great day indeed when some nation with

the courage of a persecuted Christian can announce a century of religious, intellectual, and artistic progress.

W. McK.



Exchanges

IN as much as there are no school publications on hand at this early period of the fall school session to give the exchange editor of "The Collegian" occasion to exercise his skill at reviewing, he desires to state very briefly what his plans are for carrying out the work that will be his to face during the coming months.

Since his predecessors of years now past have received credit for the manner in which they have done their work in "The Collegian" exchange column, he will try to profit by their example. From the work they have done, it is clear that they tried to give every one of the exchanges that came to the local sanctum deserved notice. This plan will also hold for the coming year in "The Collegian" exchange column.

Furthermore, with the best of good will, "The Collegian" exchange

editor will endeavor to give his estimate of the written matter that comes to his notice in the province of work that has been assigned to him. In the discussions he undertakes and the criticisms he offers, he intends to be considerate and respectful in every instance. Hence he entertains the earnest hope that his judgments will not be taken amiss, if it should happen that he is outspoken in his ideas.

To school journalism, the exchange department in any magazine or paper has always proved itself to be beneficial. In the opinion of "The Collegian" exchange editor, at least, this statement is correct, for to him it appears to be a fact that suggestions coming to students from their equals often prove more effective than warnings coming from any other source. Consistent with this idea, "The Collegian" exchange column will be offered to its readers.



LOOKING back over our early years, we no doubt find that we never had obtained such a thrill as when we read our first book. Perhaps it was a book containing some nursery rhymes or, if we began later in years, it was the stories of "Robinson Crusoe" or "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or some of the fascinating stories from the Arabian Nights as "Voyages of Sindbad the Sailor," "Story of Alladin and the Wonderful Lamp," and "Story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." How full of life these stories seemed to be. With the continual perusal of such works, we already began to develop our imaginations. Imagination, as we have now learned, plays an important part in the art of writing, for it is the language of art rather than craft that makes our work interesting.

Now at this stage of our life when we enter high school and college we feel the need of more sophisticated reading. In high school we begin to study literature of all countries and thus are tyros in the exotic field of world literature. The COLLEGIAN has allotted a portion of its pages to the column entitled, BOOKS, in order to aid us in this

pursuit. In this column we hope to give our readers a variety of criticisms or reviews on some of the newest books, and perhaps even a few of the classics, which appear on the shelves of our library. It shall be our purpose to make our readers acquainted with worth while authors, their style and mode of expression. With this assistance we hope to gain many new readers, for there is no greater stimulant for good writing than much good reading. As Bacon says in his "Essay on Studies," "Reading maketh a full man." The sciences also teach us that without the aid of books, and of course the practical application of the knowledge obtained from them, we can never hope to master anything. We, therefore, would urge every student at St. Joseph's to make up his mind to do his share of reading during the present school year without, however, neglecting required studies. If there is doubt as to what kind of books should be read, all that need be done is turn to this column to settle any doubt.

If a student will remember this quotation from Addison's "The Tatler": "Reading is to the mind what

exercise is to the body. As by the one, health is preserved, strengthened, and invigorated; so by the other virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed," he will never scorn po-

etry at its best or any serious literary works whatsoever, but will rather take a delight in reading excellent anthologies, as well as the immortal works of the masters.

J. L. A.



Alumni



WITH unbounded joy we have learned that the Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Conroy, Pastor of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Ft. Wayne, has been named Domestic Prelate by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. "The Collegian" extends its congratulations to the new Monsignor, who has always been an active alumnus.

In the beginning of one of his essays, "Shadows," Dr. Frank Crane says; "No life can be great without the equipment of sorrow." As we look back through the years, and peer into the shadows of the past, is there not a painful tug at our hearts? We are constantly parting—saying goodbye to new friends as well as old. Places and scenes that are enshrined in our hearts are kept in hallowed memory of the days that used to be. These memories become tombstones in our minds. They are shrines to which we go, to find peace and contentment, when life seems empty and

dreary. To the Alumnus, the pictures of his Alma Mater bring him many cherished moments. Hence the Alumni Association is established for this purpose: to keep alive the old spirit for their Alma Mater, and to keep friendship in a permanent bond of unity.

To the class of '33 we wish success. May their motto, "FINIMUS COEPTURI," be ever before them as a guide to greater achievements. Though we have said not so long ago, "Vale," yet in our hearts they are with us.

The nation's capital will add a new name to its citizen's list. It is the name of Michael Vichuras, the hustling and hard working editor of last year's COLLEGIAN, who will continue his studies at the Catholic University.

Many of our last year's graduates decided to remain Hoosiers. Hence they have migrated to beautiful St. Meinrad's. Thomas Heilman, Victor Boarman, Bernard Glick, John Zink, William Voors, Stanley Man-

oski, and the energetic business manager of the Collegian, who incidentally was also class secretary, Raymond Leonard, have taken up their study of first philosophy at this institution.

If you go to the bonnie Buckeye State of Ohio, you will find Urban Wurm, James Dwyer, Victor Riedlinger, Leo Frye, Louis Zenz, and our all star basketball captain, Thomas Danehy at St. Gregory's Seminary. We feel that they will not be lonesome, for they have many old friends there.

By all indications the class of '33, who are at St. Charles' Seminary, have grown used to their new home. Many of us are puzzled how this could happen in such a short time. Perhaps the beautiful surroundings and the study of philosophy, which is rather a deep subject (so they say), might have something to do with it. Nevertheless, we earnestly hope that they will drop us a line occasionally, just to let us know how they are faring at Carthagen. We are mightily interested.

How two widely separated personalities can be classmates is a mystery. Here is Joseph Lenk, who was about the fattest man in Col-

legeville, going all the way down to old Kentucky and stopping at St. Mary's, where he will pursue his studies, in an extensive Greek and Latin course. Undoubtedly, James Pike, last year's humor editor, whose address also leads to St. Mary's, will again have to stand Joseph Lenk's jibes. But here is the disadvantage. James Pike no longer runs a humor column. We hope that the two boys will be friends.

"See America First" seems to be the motto of Urban Reichlin. After a six-thousand-mile jaunt around the good old U. S. A., we find him at Our Lady of the Lake Seminary, Cleveland. With him is William Koehl, '32.

At Medaryville, Indiana, John Vanecho, '34, is with the Reforestation Army, learning the arts of forestry. John tells us he finds the new occupation to his liking.

The Alumni Editors will be glad to hear from the Alumni. Your Alma Mater, boys, is anxious to know about you; so are your friends and classmates. It won't take long; just drop a card. A few words will be greatly appreciated, and will be interesting to many, whom you have not seen for a long time.

RALEIGH SMOKING CLUB



CLUBS

Columbian Literary Society

WE are always pleased to give an account of the activities of the C. L. S. It is the oldest and the most prominent of all the societies that offer entertainment and social advantages at St. Joseph's. Each year during the long course of its existence, this society has striven to achieve a nobler and more impressive reputation in its work. With this idea in mind, its present members are determined to raise a standard that threatens all previous records of achievement with defeat. The first meeting of the members of the C. L. S. on September 17 has aroused a degree of enthusiasm which certainly justifies these hopes.

At this meeting, the election of officers brought into action a group of chosen leaders that bid well, not only to keep up the reputation of

the C. L. S., but also to enhance it. Dominic Altieri holds the gavel; Edward Fischer is vice-president; the records are in the hands of William Conces; while Thomas Bur-en, John Samis, and Joseph Fontana hold the positions of treasurer, critic, and chairman of the Executive Committee respectively. With these leaders, chosen for the first semester of the present school year, the members of the C. L. S. have every reason to be satisfied.

Following the customary public inauguration of the new president on the eve of Columbus Day, October 12, a debate will take place, and the dramatic element of the society will display its ability in the presentation of the one-act comedy, "Gracie." Very well, Columbians, the stage is cleared for action..

Raleigh Club

Raleigh, Raleigh, here we come! Incidentally, besides being to all appearances the battle cry of the new applicants for membership, this motto seems to contain plenty of reality. Still, "coming" is so painfully inadequate. "Swarming" suits the

situation much better. But truthfully, a finer, more congenial swarm has never before hewn its way through the heavy cloud banks of the sanctum known as the "Club."

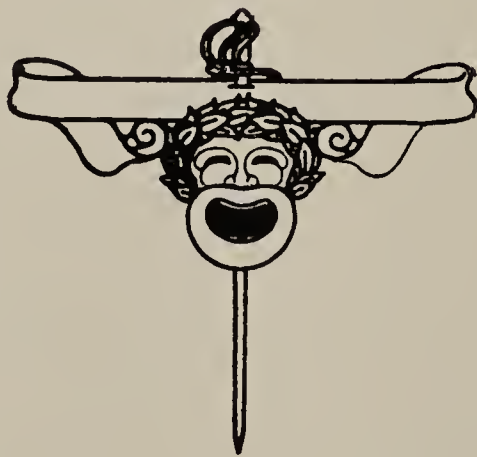
Old Man Initiation is probably chuckling evilly in his beard while

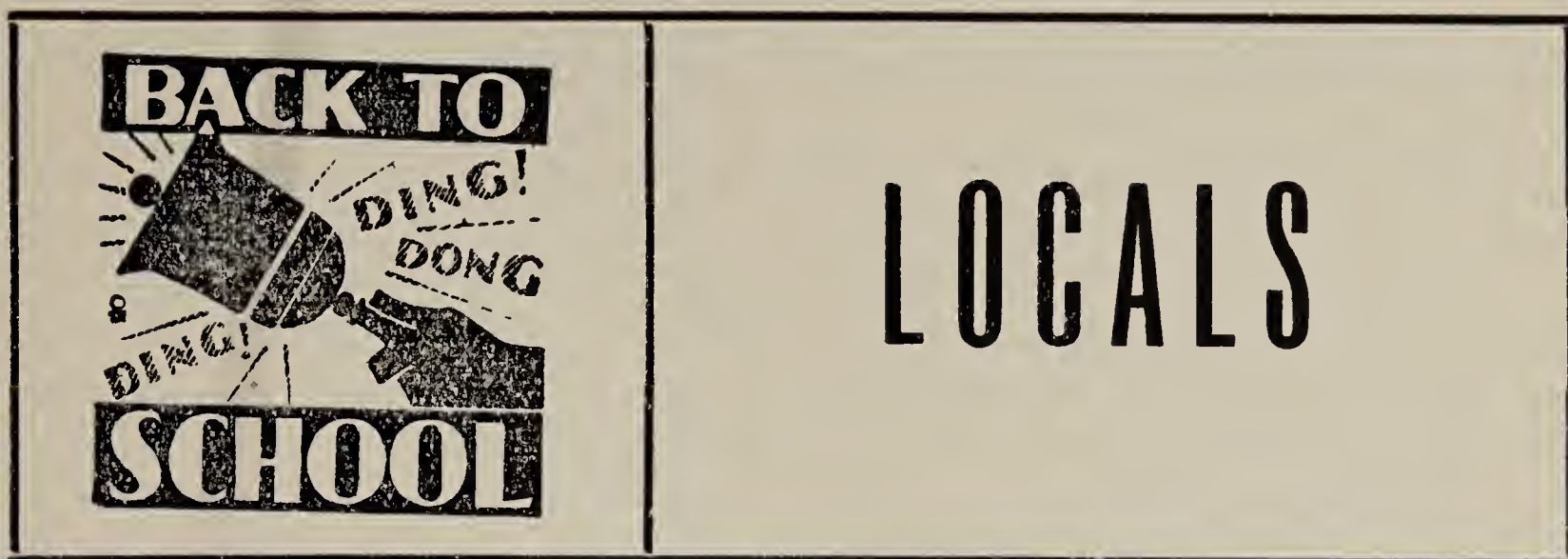
twisting his long talons in sinister anticipation of the cruel fun that will be his when he views those who will soon be his victims. But after these prospective victims will have withstood the Old Man to his face, they will be better men, or perhaps "wiser" will describe them more accurately.

In the course of their summer pursuits, our local architectural experts have conferred a real favor on the Raleigh Club. They have brought, namely, a new billiard room and a new club annex into use for the Raleigh members. These ad-

ditions make the club quarters much more roomy and airy and furnish an excellent view of the botanical gardens in the immediate neighborhood. These new and altogether unexpected accommodations will be a source of real pleasure for the club members.

Mr. 1933's big executive, Val Volin, is quoted as saying, "We'll put the club over big this year, if we can." He emphasized the word "if," but that is merely Val's way of putting things.





Another Year

ON Tuesday morning, September 12, the sun peeped over the eastern tree tops. Collegeville still lay in slumbers. A rooster crowed. Several others took up the chorus. Then a bell rang. Two hundred

and seventy sleepy bodies stretched. Two hundred and seventy sleepy heads wanted to roll over for just one more nap. Another school year had begun.

Centennial Celebration

This year our greatly beloved town of Rensselaer celebrates its hundredth birthday. On the banks of the Iroquois River there is not another town that can compare with Rensselaer in size and age. Why, it even equals Chicago in age, and the only reason that it does not equal this great city in size is due to the fact that the Iroquois cannot carry the traffic of Lake Michigan. But its size is such as justifies a centennial celebration; hence Rensselaer staged a three-day fiesta from September the twentieth to the twenty-third inclusive. Everything that belongs to a centennial

celebration was in evidence during these days in the old town. Even the World's Fair in Chicago could not diminish the crowds that jammed the street of Rensselaer during this festivity.

Of course, we of the neighboring town of Collegeville congratulate Rensselaer on its hundredth birthday, and we feel that after another hundred years have slipped into the past, the same congratulations will be in order and will be cheerfully given.

Yours for more power, Rensselaer!

Redpath Lecturer

William Rainey Bennett billed as "One of the most dramatic orators of today," spoke at the college aud-

itorium Sunday evening, September 15. Although his middle name is Rainey, he brought sunshine to Col-

legeville from the minute he stepped on the stage. His lecture entitled "The Man Who Can" overflowed with humor and philosophy. He gave us such phrases to remember as "The minute you stop growing you start dying," and "Nothing can stop you but yourself."

In a private interview Mr. Bennett said that he has been lecturing quite a number of years and has been over the United States sev-

eral times visiting every state in the Union excepting Rhode Island. He claims to have spoken before as many, if not more, high-school audiences than any other man in the world.

As an orator Mr. Bennett may not have reached dramatic perfection, but he held the attention of his audience and gave them a pleasant hour. What more could be asked?

High Honors

For the school year of 1932-33, The National Scholastic Press Association conferred upon "The St. Joseph's Collegian" first class honor rating among college journals. Early last month, The Catholic School Press Association awarded its highest honor rating, namely, "All Catholic" to the same journal.

To keep up the standard of past years, and even to surpass that

standard, will be the continuous endeavor of the present staff. Similar to the New Deal of President Roosevelt, "The Collegian" is also trying to put over a New Deal. To note this fact, one need but observe the several changes in its appearance. These changes are considered by the staff as a step further in the direction of advanced school journalism.

The Old Order Changeth

The twentieth of September marked the beginning of what the students at St. Joseph's College call the red letter days. These red letter days, known as town days, have been increased in number. Whether or not the first of these town days was arranged to fall on the opening day of the Rensselaer Centennial celebration is not definitely known, but that celebration seemingly "set

the ball a-rolling," and it is ardently hoped that it will continue to roll for the benefit of the students and of the town as well. If at its second centennial Rensselaer will confer an equally great favor on the students of St. Joseph's, who then will doubt that the boys in Collegeville will acquire a profound respect for century plants?

Improvements

Billiards have dropped! In prices? No, merely in altitude.

From the second floor in the gym building, the billiard room has been

humbled to the basement floor beneath the Raleigh Club quarters. Where in past years billiard 'sharks' fought out their tiffs, now goldfish glide through clear waters and fat little tadpoles shimmy their plump little bodies along.

The reason for dropping the billiard room to lower levels is the fact that the biological laboratory, new in its construction throughout, required more space for its furnishings and for its butchering machinery. The space demanded has been supplied, and where billiard tables formerly stood, now large trapezoid-shaped tables, covered with the finest kind of linoleum, hold the floor. Other tables, long and narrow, such as might well scare toads, snakes, and bugs out of their wits if they could understand, are

designed for work with microscopes and for accommodating such other implements as look dangerous to plant and animal life.

Though it stood many a shock in its day, the huge wall between the locker room and the basketball floor received its final shock during the past summer. With hammer and chisel, Walt Steiger (this place will miss you a great deal, Walt) and his mason gang spelt its annihilation. In the place of that wall, Herculean pillars now stand. Better than the pillars, however, are the long rows of seats for onlookers at basketball games. This new accommodation should more than double the attendance at games during the coming year.

Changes in the Local Faculty

Reluctantly the students at St. Joseph's resign themselves to the absence of three Faculty members whom they highly esteemed, namely, Fathers Camillus Lutkemeier, Henry Lucks, and Walter Pax. These Fathers have taken up studies at the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., preparatory to qualifying for the highest possible degrees in their chosen subjects. Best wishes for success are extended to these former professors by the Faculty and students at St. Joseph's with every assurance that their kindly attitude towards all and their self-sacrificing labor will not be forgotten.

of the Faculty created by the absence of the Fathers mentioned in the foregoing paragraph, Fathers Sylvester Ley, Joseph Hiller, Clarence Kroeckel, and Francis Hehn, all of whom have taken their degrees at the Catholic University, are now engaged in professorial work at the college. Outside of his regular class work, Father Sylvester Ley holds the position of assistant prefect of discipline. Father Joseph Hiller, together with his class work, holds the position of choir director. Father Clarence Kroeckel is devoting himself almost exclusively to biology; while Father Francis Hehn is teaching his specialties, namely, economics and accounting.

To fill the vacancies in the ranks

SPORTS



The Cardinal Wave Is Rising

WHEN Coach DeCook sent out his call for football condidates this fall, St. Joe hurried to complete the circle of mid-western schools deep in adoration at the feet of the gridiron king, Football, the idol of college athletics. In response to the call, fully sixty candidates rushed to the front determined to begin the work on fundamentals. This work will naturally make all those who take it seriously better able to stand the tough grind that will follow daily. Of course, muscles, rusty with lack of use, must be ground and whipped into shape in order to withstand the smashes that are sure to come. Coach DeCook is carrying out this preparation by using regulation calisthenics, such as demand vigorous side-stepping, distance running, pass-snagging, punting, and other required exercises. Actual scrimmage will be delayed for some time to come, but when the date is at hand for the schedule to open, St. Joe plans to put a team on the

field ready to give any and every visiting team a sturdy bout.

In view of these facts, who would deny that prospects for a splendid football season at St. Joe's are exceedingly bright? But, as the Coach says, "All success rests upon the willingness of the team as a whole to get down to hard work. At present the team lacks experience and polish. I believe, however, that the ability is at hand to do hard work, and this coupled with plenty of scrap will make up for the essentials now wanting."

That the Cardinals will present a heavy forward wall is evident from the imposing bulk of many of the prospective linemen. If they develop alertness and football sense along side of their weight they should be a tough problem for any opposing team to solve. At present the backfield is weak in passing and punting, but by the time the referee's whistle screeches to open St. Joe's season, the Coach will have

discovered and brought into action a triple-threat-man. Count on that.

An interesting schedule has been arranged for this fall. It is of a kind that will bring the Cardinals face to face with several teams of repute. These teams and the scheduled dates are as follows: October 21—Valparaiso Freshmen; October 28—St. Viator Freshmen; November 4 or 11—Elmhurst Varsity.

Outside of the three grid-engagements scheduled, there is possibly a game with Culver. Whether St. Joe will meet the "Little Army" or not depends upon the average in weight at which the members of the local varsity tip the scales. As Culver usually plays only high-school teams, the two years of college included in the St. Joe's curriculum has them hesitating. In case the game is actually staged it should come off on or near Thanksgiving Day.

Every one of the teams mentioned is reputed to be a scrappy aggregation, and the St. Joe Varsity has a real job on its hands if it expects to come out on top. The game for which the Cardinals are pointing is the Elmhurst contest, which, from all indications, should prove to be a battle royal. The watchword at the local college for the next month is going to be "BEAT ELMHURST."

To develop real interest in college athletics, three things are necessary; a coach, a varsity, and an enthusiastic student body. The first two mentioned are sufficiently in evidence at St. Joe's, but it remains to be seen whether the stu-

dent body will show itself on the scene at every game with a big hand for its team. Cheers are al-



ways necessary for victory, and they are a bracer in defeat.

Jim Thornbury, St. Joe's human dynamo and head cheer leader, has the following to say concerning his plans for the season. "It would be ridiculous for St. Joe to attempt to win games this year without the support of the school as a whole. If you, the students of this college, pledge your cooperation to the cheer leaders and, beginning October 21st, stick to your team through thick and thin, St. Joe will establish a record of which anyone might be proud."

"Cheers this year will be short and peppy. They must be staccato and not drawn out. It is difficult for a large group to cheer without dragging, and it is to this point that we must give special attention during the coming year. Attention to the yell leader's motions will help a lot in this matter. Let's all work together!"

In each issue of the COLLEGIAN there will appear a page of cheers both old and new. You are asked to learn these yells or else make yourself familiar with them, so that after a little practice at the pep meetings, you will know

them at the games. For these meetings your undivided support is again asked, in order that the programs prepared for you will be a success. Watch the bulletin board for the date and program of the first meeting."

CHEERS

One And Only St. Joe Sky Rocket

ZzzzzzzzzzzZip,
ZzzzzzzzzzzZing,
ZzzzzzzzzzzZang!
Zip! Zing! Zang! (pause)
St. Joe! (pause)—BANG!

Fight (No. 1-
F-I-G-H-T Fight!
C-A-R-D-S Cards!
Fight! Cards! Fight!
Hold (No. 1)
H-O-L-D, Hold line, hold!
Hold St. Joe. line, hold!

The Cab Special

(1st Group) Hi! De! Hi!
(2nd Group) Ho! De! Ho!
(All) Yeah! St. Joe, (pause) GO!

No. 5
Yeah St. Joe!
Yeah Cardinals!
Yeah! Yeah! St. Joe Cardinals!

No. 6
RaaaaaaaRah! RaaaaaaaRah!
S-A-I-N-T J-O-E
St. Joe! St. Joe!
J. G. T.





Humor



Customer: "Have you the same razor that you had yesterday?"

Barber: "Yes sir. the identical one."

Customer: "Then give me gas."

Altieri: "I prize this ring very highly, because at one time it belonged to a millionaire."

Fischer: "Who, Woolworth?"

The students have joined the N. R. A. and solemnly promise 'Never Refuse Allowances.'

Labadie (at the table): "Give me a piece of meat without any fat, gristle, or bone in it."

Weaver: "Boy, you don't want any meat, you want an egg!"

Sheehan says that the school should have a dachshund for a mascot so that ten or twelve could pet it at the same time.

Quinn: "What were you doing in the interim?"

Elder: "I wasn't in there, I was in the study hall all evening."

A successful monopolist is a man who gets an elbow on each arm of his seat in the theater.

Welch and Conces had a scrap.

Welch said, "I'm gonna crack your map,

I'll bloody your ears, I'll blacken your eyes,

I'll fix you up in an awful disguise.

I tell you I'm sore, I'm ready to kill."

"But not while I am Conces," quoth Bill.

Sutton: "When I was young, the doctor told me that if I didn't give up smoking, I would become feeble-minded."

Dober: "Well, why didn't you stop?"

Visitor: "What's the queer smell in the library?"

Petit: "It's the dead silence we keep there."

Scher: "Believe me, I know what hunger is."

Wirtz: "Why, have you ever been poor?"

Scher: "No, I've seen you eat."

He: "Dearest our engagement is off. A fortune teller just told me I was to marry a blonde in a month."

She: "Oh, that's all right. I can be a blonde in a month."

Freshman (rushing into the library): "I want the life of Caesar."

Librarian: "Sorry, you're too late, Brutus beat you to it."

Samis: "What are you reading?"

Kreinbrink: "A tale of Buried Treasure."

Samis: "Oh, wasting your time on fiction."

Kreinbrink: "No, expert advice on planting potatoes."

Penny: "I had a clothes sickness last week."

O'Leary: "How come?"

Penny: "I had a coat on my tongue, and my breath came out in short pants."

Wolf: "Were you upset by the bank failure?"

Suelzer: "Yes, I completely lost my balance."

You never hear a bee complain,

Nor hear it weep or wail;

But if it wants, it can unfold

A very painful tail.

Buren: "Someone hit me yesterday with a base, cowardly egg."

Hamme: "What kind of an egg is that?"

Buren: "A base, cowardly egg sir, is one that hits you and runs."

Shank: "What steps would you take if you saw a dangerous lion on the campus?"

O'Grady: "Long ones."

Fifth: "What were Webster's last words?"

Sixth: "Zymosis, zymotic, zymurgy."

DeCocker: "Yes, when I came out on the stage, the audience sat there open-mouthed."

Dalton: "Oh, nonsense. They never yawn all at once."

"What do they do to a woman in this country when she kills her husband?"

"Oh" replied the American, "they sentence her to six weeks in vaudeville or a year in the movies."

Wife: "John, there is someone in the pantry, and I've just made a pie."

Hubby: "Well, it's O. K. with me as long as he don't die in the house."

Once a Scotsman fell into the sea,
Whereupon, he grew most apprehensive;

"Ah, I wad na mind drowning,"
cried he,

"But funerals a' sae expensive."

Abraham Halleck
Charles A. Halleck

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